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TROY, IND.

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Produce, Barley, Oats and Lime.
Lower Wharf-Boat Proprietors,
TROY, INDIANA

Furniture!
THE undersigned informs the
public that he has now, and
will constantly keep on hand,
or manufacture to order, all the latest and most fashion-
able variety of furniture, such as
Wardrobes,
Bureaus,
Bedsteads, Tables,
Lounges,
and a large assortment of chairs of the best styles. He
respectfully invites those desiring anything in his line,
to call and examine his stock before purchasing else-
where, as he is confident he can please them, at his new
shop, on the corner of the Public Square, west of the
courthouse.
November 19, 1867. JACOB ALLES.

C. STEGE H. REILING JON. HAXTHAUSEN
STEGE, REILING & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Groceries, Provisions, Teas,
TOBACCO, CIGARS,
MARKET STREET,
North side between Second & Third Sts.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

VALENTINE MERCKER
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
CORNER OF WEST MAIN & PORTERSVILLE STS
JASPER, INDIANA.

KEEPS constantly on hand a good as-
sessment of homemade Boots and
Shoes, which he offers for sale at the
most reasonable price. He also
makes and repairs work with neat-
ness and dispatch. Thankful for the
liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on him, he solicits
and will endeavor to merit a further extension of the
same.
June 5, '68-19.

GLASS WARE.
In great variety, and of the best quality at low prices.
at the Drug Store. ISAAC ECKERT.
Oct. 9, '68

I Am Dying.
Raise my pillow, husband, dearest—
Fainter and fainter comes my breath;
And these shadows, stealing slowly,
Must, I know, be those of death.
Sit down close beside me, darling,
Let me clasp your warm strong hand,
Yours, that ever has sustained me,
To the borders of this land.

For your God and mine—our Father
Thence shall ever lead me on;
Where upon a throne eternal
Sits his loved and only Son;
I've had visions and been dreaming
O'er the past of joy and pain;
Year by year I've wandered backward,
Till I was a child again.

Dreaming of girlhood, and the moment
When I stood your wife and bride,
How my heart thrilled with love's tri-
umph.

In the hour of woman's pride,
Dreaming of thee and all the earth chords
Firmly twined about thy heart—
Oh! the bitter burning anguish,
When I first knew we must part.

It passed—and God has promised—
All thy footsteps to attend;
He that's more than friend or brother,
He'll be with you to the end.
There's no shadow o'er the portals,
Leading to my heavenly home—
Christ has promised life immortal,
And 'tis he that bids me come.

When life's trials wait around thee,
And its chilling billows swell,
Thou'lt thank Heaven that I'm spared
them.

Thou'lt then feel that "all is well."
Bring our boys unto my bedside;
My last blessing let them keep—
But they are sleeping, do not wake them;
They'll learn soon enough to weep.

Tell them often of their mother,
Kiss them for me when they wake;
Lead them gently in life's pathway,
Love them doubly for my sake.
Clasp my hand still closer, darling,
This is the last night of my life;
For to-morrow I shall never
Answer when you call me "wife."

Forewell, my noble husband,
Faint not 'neath the chast'ning rod;
Throw your strong arms round our chil-
dren,
Keep them close to thee—and God—

Complimentary Titles.
OFFICE OF THE LEDGER,
NEW YORK, Feb. 3, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. BEECHER: I am fre-
quently asked, "Why did Mr. Beecher
decline the degree of D. D. when it was
conferred upon him?" Will you drop
me a line on the subject, so that I may be
able to give our readers a correct answer.
Very truly yours,
ROBERT BONNER.

MR. BEECHER'S REPLY:
I declined it because I did not want it.
I had it already. Every Irishman called me
"Doctor." Every man that begged
for fifty cents called me "Doctor." In-
deed, I was called "your reverence"—a
title which belongs to the Cardinal, I be-
lieve. What good would a college de-
gree do to a man who already had it con-
ferred on him by the great university of
the common people? Are there not
good reasons?

But there is a difference between rea-
sons and causes. After a man has given
his reasons for any course, he might, with
profit, analyze the real causes which pro-
duced the result. Men act from many
motives combined. They select from
among them those best suited to bear
exposure, and state them as reasons.—
Thus the real causes are often hid by the
alleged reasons. It would amount to
quite a subtle disquisition if I were to
go into the interiors of the matter.

I think that I was a natural born Quaker.
I agree with that worthy sect in
everything, unless it be in the matter of
Doctrine and of practice. I always ad-
mired plain and straightforward speech.
My early reading was of authors who
sprang up with the American and the
French Revolutions, who had in them
the glow and fervor of those early demo-
cratic doctrines which prevailed before
slavery debauched this nation. The doc-
trine of the unity, fraternity, and equal-
ity of men had a charm for my youth
not the less bewitching because it was an
enthusiasm rather than a philosophy.—
In some vague way, I can hardly tell
how, I conceived a notion of a repug-
nance for all titles. I remember dis-
tinctly that as early as when I was four-
teen years old, I had contempt for any
author who put into his title-page a string
of honors and titles. I was much taken
with the story of some of the French no-
bility who renounced their hereditary
titles and joined themselves to the demo-
cratic citizens. I formed a romantic
notion of a true man, as one whose char-
acter and actions needed for their illus-
tration neither office nor title. Insen-
sibly I imbibed the idea that a title was a
sign of imbecility or vanity; that a strong
man needed no such crutch or bolster;
that it was useless if it conferred on one
nothing but what he had in himself, and

dishonest if it gave to a man something
more than really existed. These were
boyhood whims and notions.

They were strengthened by the influ-
ence which was derived from my first
teacher in mathematics. I had no fond-
ness for this study. Yet I became pro-
ficient in its elementary branches, in my
school days, under the teaching of W. P.
S. Fitzgerald, which in full is, William
Pitt Nelson Fitzgerald. When Prof. Da-
vies, of West Point, served by a hostler's
boy, and in putting some questions to
him he proved so sharp at figures, that
the professor took him along as a serv-
ant. He was waiter and boy of all work.
But he developed such gifts and graces,
that he was put to his books, and became
a cadet, and stood second to none, until
an unfortunate Christmas spree delivered
him from the thrall of West Point and
sent him to finish his career in the great
academy of the world. I found him, in
1867, teaching mathematics at Mount
Pleasant Classical Institute, in Amherst,
Mass. He taught me to conquer in stud-
ying. There is a very hour in which a
young nature, tugging, discouraged, and
weary with books, rises with the con-
sciousness of victorious power into mas-
terhood. Forever after, he knows that
he can learn anything if he pleases. It
is a distinct intellectual "conversion."

I first went to the blackboard, uncer-
tain, soft, full of whimpering. "That
lesson must be learned," he said in a very
quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity,
and with the certainty of Fate. All ex-
planations and excuses he trod under
foot with utter scornfulness. "I want
that problem. I don't want any reasons
why I don't get it."

"I did study it two hours."
"That's nothing to me; I want the les-
son. You need not study it at all, or
you may study it ten hours—just to suit
yourself. I want the lesson. Under-
wood, go to the blackboard!"

"Oh, yes, but Underwood got some-
body to show his lesson."

"What do I care how you get it?
That's your business. But you must
have it."

It was tough for a green boy; but it
seasoned him. In less than a month I
had the most intense sense of intellectu-
al independence and courage to defend
my recitations.

In the midst of a lesson, his cold and
calm voice would fall upon me in the
midst of a demonstration—"No!" he
hesitated, stopped, and then went back
to the beginning; and, on reaching the
same spot again—"No!" uttered with
the tone of perfect conviction, barred
my progress. "The next!" and I sat
down in red confusion. He too was
stopped with "No!" but went right on,
finished, and, as he sat down, was re-
warded with, "Very well."

"Why," whispered I, "I recited it just
as he did, and you said No!"

"Why didn't you say Yes? and stick
to it? It is not enough to know your
lesson. You must know that you know
it. You have learned nothing till you
are sure. If all the world says No, your
business is to say Yes, and to prove it!"

The inward confidence inspired by
such a drill, joined to the chivalric no-
tions of independent manhood already
existing, tended to fix and fasten the
feeling that a man is what he is in him-
self, and that the love of doing and the
power to do, are all the honors that he
needs; that no man deserves a title who
has not the power to make his own sim-
ple name a title, and that then he needs
no other; and that a man's own life is
the true university that should confer
honors upon him! These would be the
impulses of youth. I had not quite got
over them when a doctorate was proffered
to me, and in a moment of haste it
was declined, although the good will of
my Alma Mater gave me a genuine pleasure.

"But—would you take one now? Like
a prodigal beauty who has for forty years
refused suitors, have you not come to a
time of life when a round, plump, com-
panionable Doctor would be an agree-
able prefix or appendage to your name?"

Far be it from me to depreciate the
value of titles on other men. Wiser men
than I am, or ever shall be, wear them,
and play with them, as old-fashioned
gentlemen do with a bunch of seals to
their watch. The chronometer performs
no better for the rattling seals and
charms, yet men like to fuss with them.
Why not, if they like it? Every man to
his own taste, in trifles!

I am older, but not old. My mother
had a name waiting for me when I was
born. Two brothers, very dear to her,
had died early. She joined their names
—Henry and Ward—giving to me a
name that to her was a sacred memorial
of love. I mean to die with it, just as
she gave it to me, neither tarnished nor
encumbered. If you ask me again, Mr.
Bonner, why I do not take a title, I re-
ply, that I have one which my mother
gave me.

A gentleman who took occasion
to doctor some cider on the Sabbath, was
taken to task by his good wife for labor-
ing on that day. His reply was that no
good Christian ought to find fault with
his work, as he was doing his best to
prevent his cider from working.

Plain Truths, Forcibly Put.
The Washington Constitutional Union,
in the course of an able article, entitled
"The New Government of the so-called
United States and its First Edict, says:

After the first spasmodic demon-
stration made by our so-called President and
Chief Magistrate and Commander-in-
Chief against his Radical masters in the
Congress, and its ludicrous denouement,
having excited the contemptuous won-
der of the Oligarchs, and like some true-
ulent schoolboy perceiving no escape
from the birch except by fawn-
ing, he hastened to make amends, and, as
evidence of his complete submission, he
proceeded to appoint to office the basest
and most offensive men and women, and
to sign away his rights as President, to
ignore and falsify his commission as
Chief Magistrate, and to abuse the trust
of his country as its executive officer by
affixing his signature to a letter of abdi-
cation in the shape of the tenure-of-office
bill. Having thus fully submitted and
delivered up to their opponents that fac-
tion in the Radical party he especially
represented, he was graciously informed
that the oligarchs were now prepared to
allow him to enjoy a semblance of offi-
cial responsibility, and that they would
receive with a show of courtesy any mes-
sage from him that they beforehand ap-
proved. Accordingly, as though he were
still a real influence in the Government,
he sends in a brief message to Congress
looking to the carpet-bag and negro re-
construction of Virginia, Texas, and Mis-
sissippi, in mockery of all constitutional
ideas of republican laws, liberties and
rights. Because this message was not
kicked out by the oligarchs, but on the
contrary has been acted upon by them,
some have been imposed on to talk of
Grant as though he were really of official
consequence. His message only pro-
posed measures that he knew a majority
of the oligarchs had already conceived
and approved. It only proposed recon-
struction in strict conformity with the
reconstruction acts passed by the olig-
archs, interjecting the fifteenth amend-
ment by way of coercing all the States,
North as well as South, whether in favor
of or against full negro social and polit-
ical equality. It simply proposed recon-
struction in the interest of the carpet-
baggers and their negro dupes, and to
fasten upon Virginia, Texas, and Missis-
sippi governments only to be styled
indignable.

The message of Grant is nothing more
than a Congressional document signed
officially for form's sake. As for Grant,
he is politically dead and buried. And
it would be still more deplorable if Con-
servative men at the North, at this jun-
cture of peril to all they hold dear in the
land left to be contended for, should
longer hesitate to rouse the people from
their lethargy to throw off the tyrants
and to recover their laws and liberties.
An empire and an imperial system of
Government would be infinitely prefer-
able to the continued reign of the olig-
archs. But as for ourselves, give us
back the Republic and the Constitution
of our fathers, with the three depart-
ments of the Government separate and
distinct, and the one operating as a check
upon the other, so that neither can en-
croach either upon the laws of the land
or the rights and liberties of the citizen.
For this we contend, and we now un-
flinchingly say that, for one, we will not
sit calmly by and yield up anything more
to the Thirty Tyrants.

Their first edict has gone forth assert-
ing a despotic rule over Presidents,
courts, States, and people, making the
ideas of a Union and a Constitution a
farce, and coercing whole communities
beneath their heel. At first sight this
edict would appear to have reference
only to three States South, but when
more clearly viewed it will be ascertained
to strike out the fifth article of the
Constitution, that especially concerns
every State North. At first it would
seem to apply only to some million or
two of citizens denounced as "Rebels,"
and who ought as such to be punished
most vilely and cruelly, as if monsters
and not men; but when more closely
scanned, it is discovered to bear oppres-
sively upon all in the land, from the
Lakes to the Rio Grande, reducing the
whole into servile subjects of the ruling
oligarchy. It is a double-edged sword
in the hands of despotism for the de-
struction of all the people. We do not
hesitate to say that every man is called
upon to resist such wrong and insult.—
There are a great many things worse
than death, one of which is to live under
the unlawful domination of thieves, rob-
bers, drunkards, cut-throats, corruption-
ists, and conspirators, who respect nei-
ther the past nor the present, nor their
country, nor their God. At whatever
cost, these "Thirty Tyrants" should be
overthrown, and our laws and liberties
recovered before anarchy follows mis-
rule to end in permanent despotism and
the enthronement of a Caesar upon the
prostrate necks of the people.

Among the court files at Taunton,
Massachusetts, is the finding of a coro-
ner's jury, which concludes that "the said
—came to his death by the visitation
of the aforesaid God."

**Thad. Stevens on the Death of
Lincoln.**

WASHINGTON, April 29.
April 15, 1865, 7:20 A. M., Abraham
Lincoln died.

April 15, 9 A. M., Thaddeus Stevens,
Preston King, Edwin M. Stanton, Jo-
seph Holt and others assembled in the
gentlemen's parlor at the house of Fran-
cis P. Blair, Sr. On the sideboard was
and is a punch-bowl big enough and full
enough to demoralize a regiment. Thad-
deus Stevens, sustained even then by an
iron will, an ossified heart, and plenty of
stimulants, shambled up to the beverage
and for a minute his face became a gob-
let and his mission in life suction. The
spirit of whisky at once became the spir-
it of prophecy, and he said: "Gentle-
men, the President's departure is timely.
We would have had trouble with him or
with any other President who should
have attempted to proceed on the doc-
trine of that Louisiana speech which Mr.
Lincoln spoke night before last. I am
convinced that before two years expired
Congress would have to assume the
whole matter, and undo everything done
in pursuance of that plan. The Presi-
dent died at the right time for his own
fame."

The old man again sank into silence
and punch.

Who fails to admit the force of the pre-
diction of the late Mr. Stevens has never
read the newspapers for the last four
years. Events vindicated his words.—
More truly he vindicated his own words
by the events which he brought to pass.
What was prophecy in him then became
purpose soon after, and that man's pur-
poses are the laws we live under to-day.
How exactly it turned out! For the of-
fense of imitating Mr. Lincoln, to doubt
whose saintliness cost five citizens sum-
mary death in New York city three
hours after Thad. Stevens spoke these
words. Andrew Johnson was impeach-
ed, and one vote more would have con-
victed him of high crimes and misde-
meanors in office. Truly, Mr. John
Wilkes Booth was the best friend Mr.
Abraham Lincoln had, unless Thad Ste-
vens was no prophet.

**Malvern Hill—The Confederate
Dead—Twenty Acres of Human
Bones.**

A correspondent thus writes of the
Confederate burial place at Malvern Hill,
Virginia:

"The cemetery keeper offered to act as
our guide, and, after showing us the fort
and its adjacent rifle-pits, he escorted us
to a large field on the northwest side of
the fort, and there a most terrible scene
presented itself. Thousands of Confed-
erate soldiers who had fallen in their
desperate and persistent attempt to take
Fort Harrison, were buried by the Con-
federates where they fell. Twenty acres
or more have just been plowed up by
the owner of the field, and the plow-
share turned to the surface all these skele-
tons. Over the whole tract the bones
are strewn in profusion, and grinning
skulls stare the visitor in the face on ev-
ery hand.

"When the farmer was questioned, he
said the land was now the richest piece
he had, and in justification of his sacri-
legious act, stated that he didn't put 'em
there, nohow." We learned afterward
that the bones had been taken away by
the cartload and sold to fertilizing mills
in Richmond. Two humane men, too
poor to do anything else, came one day
we were there, and attempted to burn
some of the bones to prevent the wretches
from carting them off. Put a long
job they will have if they attempt to
burn them all.

"Yet these are not the only fields of
Confederate bones we have seen, nor the
first instance of disrespect for their dead
that we have witnessed. Perhaps they
are too poor, as they plead, to bury them.
Then, in the name of humanity, why do
they rear a stone monument, forty-five
feet square at the base and ninety feet
high, at Richmond, to the memory of the
"Confederate dead," in the cemetery, and
leave their bones to bleach in the fields?"

A. T. Stewart's new model dwell-
ing is rapidly going up in New York.—
It is to be entirely of iron and brick,
eight stories in height, inclosing a court
100 feet square. It is to contain an ele-
vator, a steam-heating apparatus and a
water-tank, and be furnished with sleep-
ing apartments for 150, restaurant, par-
lor, bath-rooms, laundry, kitchen, &c.—
It will cost over \$3,000,000, and it is cal-
culated will afford the working-women,
for whose benefit it is erected, lodging,
food and washing at a cost of two do-
llars a week.

TALE SHOOTING.—A gentleman re-
marking in a tavern that he had shot a
hawk at ninety yards with a No. 6 shot,
another replied: "Must have a good gun,
but uncle Dave here has one that beats
it." "Ah!" said the first, "how far will
it kill a hawk with a No. 6 shot?" "I
don't use shot or ball either," answered
Uncle Dave himself. "Then what do
you use, Uncle Dave?" "I shoot salt-
together. I kill my game so far with
my gun that the game would pile before
I could get it."